

## good friends. by cl3rks

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, First Time Friend Kisses, Foreshadowed Love, Gender-Specific, HE DOESNT HAVE A FIRST NAME SO THE READER LEGIT CALLS HIM CAL I BENT IT TO MY WILL, Highschool AU, Maybe - Freeform, Sorry?, ish, this is before cal is a cop fyi, young au

**Language:** English

**Characters:** (Mentioned) Author Created Family, Officer Callahan, You

**Relationships:** Callahan x Reader, Callahan/Reader, Officer Callahan/You

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-08-25

**Updated:** 2016-08-25

**Packaged:** 2022-03-31 22:52:59

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,777

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

You introduced yourself and it only spurred something on that the two of you danced around for years.

## good friends.

### Author's Note:

As the tags say; HE DOES NOT HAVE A FIRST NAME. I LEGIT MADE CALLAHAN BE USED AS HIS FIRST NAME OR NICKNAME OR WHATEVER YOU WANNA CALL IT. This is also gender specific, I'm sorry but it's kind of a shameless self-insert tbh like I do write for myself a little bit. Anyway, [Y/N] stands for [Your/Name]!!

Also, I tweeted the actor who plays him, John Reynolds, if Cal had a first name and he liked my tweet but didn't reply. (What does this mean? THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE) So -- yeah. Hope you enjoy!

p.s; i kinda figured out his height by matching it up with actresses who have known heights and then i put it into a comparison height thing and he's like 6'4 or 6'5 so i went with 6'5.

People often referred to him as Callahan. His last name was better than his first in some regards. It was in middle school when it started to happen, but high school was when it mattered.

He was a kid with big, thick glasses. He was hunched over, slouching most of the time because he was 6'2 by the time he was fifteen and 6'5 by the time he was graduating high school, by the time she was well on her way to seeing their relationship through.

But that doesn't matter, not now, anyway.

Callahan was sitting in the library. It was just after school had ended, nearing summer break. He had nowhere to be and preferred to spend his days in the library anyway, over the boring state of life at home, besides, he had many books there he'd rather read than the ones piled on his shelves, on his desk, under his bed and on the stand beside his bed that he'd read many times over.

He had a stack beside his arm as it rested on the tan table, his right hand holding the edge of the book as his left took a page between his fingers and turned it. He was reading something old, something he'd been reading over the course of a school year.

He was ahead of his class.

His mother called him bright, intelligent and beyond his years. She fueled his learning.

His father told him to slow down, saying he should stop trying to get ahead, that he was already ahead *enough*. His father stunted his learning whenever he asked about it.

But nonetheless, the man who had helped raise him still made sure he got his math homework done alright. He'd read up on each chapter in case Callahan needed help.

He'd done it since the tall boy was a small one.

Callahan sighed softly and stared at the page. The thought of being bored at home, constantly hoping his father didn't feel bad for trying to get him to slow down or his mother coming over to him to pester and encourage the opposite. He'd read the same line four times now.

He heard the sound of books being slid onto the place across from him. A chair was pulled out and there was an obnoxiously loud flop put down upon the red cushion as the person sat down.

Callahan didn't look up, he just tried to push through his mind block.

"Hey." The person whispered. "You."

He looked up then, and his heart jumped into his throat. "Hello."

The girl smiling at him was holding her chin in her hands as her elbows were perched on the table, her eyes bright and her smile full as she watched him. He wondered what she wanted, then, but he didn't care, really. Maybe she was there to embarrass him like another had done –

"Are you in chess club?" She asked.

Callahan nodded slowly. “Why?”

“I’m in it too!” She told him quickly. “I mean, I just joined – really late, of course... but still.”

“Oh.” A girl like him? Like all of his friends in the club? That was... unruly, that was unheard of and strange and – he didn’t care. “Have you joined any others?”

“I’ve been in some clubs for a while,” She started, moving her chin as she leaned back in her chair. “But chess seemed friendly, much more friendly than some of the ancestry clubs.”

Callahan was still watching her quizzically. He didn’t know what to do, really, yes he did want to talk to her but... he was reading. “Did you need something?” It came off more impolite than he meant.

His mother raised him with good manners.

“Oh! Sorry, I’m [Y/N].” The girl told him softly, scooting her chair in more so she could lean further across the table so her voice carried. She said her last name, then, introducing herself fully as she extended her arm, reaching a hand out to attempt to shake his. “And you?”

“Callahan.”

“First or last?” She questioned as they shook, his hands warmer than hers, larger than hers.

“Last.”

She smiled a little more, if that’s possible, before the expression eased into something more comfortable for her. “May I call you Cal?”

The nod that occurred from Callahan was gentle and sure. “Go ahead.”

“Alright, Cal.” She grinned, then, her eyes a little brighter as the action had him doing the same. “I think we’re gonna be good friends.”

It was that meeting, coincidentally, that spurred on many more. They

talked in the library, they walked home together, they went to school together, and then, as summer rolled around, they began to see each other more.

Movie nights at each other's houses, chess club and other clubs, board games, the local pool, and many more things.

Birthdays, dances, and band concerts were little things.

They grew together, in high school. They danced around the idea as they grew older, the idea of them, together – in a relationship much more than just friends. Some people suggested it, parents saying the two were smart, destined for each other.

But at their high school graduation, at something... short and sweet, bitter and sharp – they were leaving something behind.

Some friends they lost along the way, some memories. They took things with them, as well, things they gained; more friends, more memories. What they lost they took back.

Their families went to dinner at the same place, completely unplanned and outside, the two eighteen year olds sat on a bench after a long meal – smacking unbearably minty gum within their mouths as they stared out at the open night sky, the air cold but gentle, the warmth of the Cal hitting [Y/N].

She turned to him and watched him, his thick glasses and his nose, his eyebrows, his forehead, his cheeks, his eyes, his ears and his hair, gaze wandering everywhere before settling on his lips. “You excited for college?”

Callahan's unsure shrug was nothing more than that... *unsure*.

“Don't really know.” He replied quietly, sitting a little straighter as he adjusted. Through high school she'd gotten him to adjust his posture, to not slouch, not hurt his shoulders or neck or back in the process as he struggled to try and look smaller, to blend in and meet the height of his peers.

“You'll soar higher than everybody, than your friends... than me.” [Y/N] would tell him. He believed her.

Which is why they were sitting together, alone, outside. “Are you excited?”

“I’ll miss my family.” She said as her response, vague and unclear. She paused for a while, her gaze shifting just as his flicked to her face. Her face grew warmed, and not from the fact that she was leaning against his warm side. “I’ll miss you.”

Callahan moved his right hand, laying the back of it flat against his own leg as he looked up at the sky. She made her move, then, and glanced down at his hand. She took a deep breath, he felt her take it, he heard her take it, and she placed her hand over his. His fingers intertwined and curled, locking their hands together tightly.

“I’m gonna miss you, too.” He muttered.

“Hey, Cal?” She spoke softer, quieter, almost too quiet. She leaned away from him a little bit, tilting her head up to look at him. Her feet had been gently bouncing against the ground as she nervously moved them, they stopped, then, as their eyes met.

“Yeah?”

“Don’t forget me when you go off, alright?” She told him, her eyes beginning to water as she took another deep breath. He went to speak, but she silenced him with her eyes. “Pick up the phone, give me a call... I exist just as you do, college won’t be too busy for me to call you, don’t let it get that way for you, alright?”

“Sure.” His words were short tonight. He wasn’t even sure he’d see her in the morning when his family would drive him to college. She was going somewhere in Hawkins, but he was going somewhere else – he was leaving for a while. “Do me a favor?”

“Anything.”

“Don’t worry so damn much.” Callahan said as he let out a chuckle. [Y/N] stifled a laugh and shook her head, pursing her lips slightly as she did. “You’re gonna hurt yourself if you keep doing that. I’m not gonna forget you.”

The girl nodded, then, staring at him still. They continued to gaze at

each other, their jaws tight and their eyes warm as they did, the tension settling between the two like a bird on a branch. “I-”

Before she could speak, however, the restaurant's doors opened. “Momma, I found them!” Her little sister, called. She was much younger than her.

The rest of [Y/N]'s family barrelled out the door, keeping it open for Cal's family.

She stood and hugged him semi-awkwardly, his height causing him to bend down to meet her a little more. “See you.”

“Mhm.” He whispered as she nuzzled against his chest before stepping back and standing on her toes, kissing his cheek. “Got all your gifts?”

She nodded and pointed back at her family as they waited patiently. “In the car. You?”

A gentle sigh left Cal's lips. “Same.”

[Y/N] stared at him for a moment as he began to walk back, smiling a little to encourage her to do the same. She took a deep breath, as she had before, and reached for his arm quickly. She pulled him towards her body, stood on her toes, and pressed her lips to his as she heard her mother, and his, gasp behind them.

As cliché as it sounds, there was a spark when their lips met, when they molded together and began to move in sync as he slowly decided he wanted this – the thing he'd danced around for ages – her eyes fluttered closed as did his, his hand moving slightly to shake her grip off his arm so he could intertwine his fingers with hers.

It was electric and there was a warmth rising to her cheeks and her eyes had stars behind the closed eyelids in front of them.

She pulled back first, gently squeezing their hands together as she opened her eyes. She noticed his lips were still jutted out slightly, like he was frozen for a moment before a smile stretched onto his face once more. His cheeks were slightly flushed and his pupils were dilated and he –

“Have fun at college.”

Callahan nodded, his heart trapped in his throat. “You too.”

**Author's Note:**

likely first in the series lmao

contact me on my profile or at get-glitched.tumblr.com if you have questions.  
or on twitter, if that's easier, at get\_glitch3d !!